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S.S

FRIENDLY COMMUNION

VIMALA THAKAR

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FRIENDLY COMMUNION

(A collection of selected poems)

VIMALA THAKAR

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This collection contains chosen poems of Vimala Thakar. Some poems were published a few years ago in the form of booklets. Both the booklets i.e. The Flame of Life and The Eloquent Ecstasy are out of print. Other poems have been written during the period of the last four years.

We are publishing this new collection with the hope that lovers of life will enjoy reading Vimala's simple verses.

The Publishers Note

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WORDS FAIL ME

Friends ask me with concern
what I am intending to do.
What is the state of being
which I am living in.

I know not how to tell them —
Living is the greatest action,
Alert and attentive, every moment.
Life has no states apart from it,
Life is life and I am that.

I know not how to tell them —
'I' and 'Mine' have long vanished
in the all consuming flame of life.
No one is there to feel any state.
No one is there to intend and plan.

Let the life tell its own story.
May friends be able to listen to it.
Let the silence sing life's own song.
May friends be able to listen to it.

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ATTIRE OF NOTHINGNESS

Woven in transparent humility
is my attire of blissful nothingness.
Clad innocently in denudity
I walk upon this earth.

Composed in reposeful quietitude
Is my song of exuberant silence.
Singing innocently in beatitude
I walk upon this earth.

Extended in respectful affection
is my hand of warm friendship.
Overflowing with innocent spontaneity
I walk upon this earth.

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THE CROSS OF SORROW

I am nailed to the cross of Sorrow.
They are honoured thus
who dare love humanity.

The cross is not crude
nor made of wood.
It is subtle and fine
made of 'I' and 'Mine'.

The clouds of human suffering hang heavy
My eyes do droop and drowse under them.

The unshed tears of massacred innocence
Well up and fill the heart to the brim.

The undreamt dreams of slaughtered youth
Darken the tearsoaked eyelashes.

The unfulfilled passion of widowed womanhood
Scorch and simmer the trembling heart.

The strangled sobs of orphaned infancy
Stifle and choke the withering breath.

I am nailed to the cross of Sorrow.
They are honoured thus
who dare love humanity.

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SING WITH ME

Love enters the human heart
as does the morning dew
descend upon the mother earth.
Love invades the human heart
as does the spring of youth
tinkle every drop of blood.

Since love has visited me
solitude reigns over my life.
Ceaseless events pass through me
without leaving scars of memory.
Joy and sorrow play endlessly
without touching the inner core.

The purity of serene harmony
sings soundlessly through silence.
The music of silent ecstasy
throbs noiselessly within me.
Would any one care to listen?
Would any one come, sing with me?

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MY PLAYMATE

Do not disturb me
I am playing with death.
I gave him my consciousness;
He gave me silence in return.
I gave him the pearls of thought;
He gave me limitless awareness.
I gave him the indomitable ego;
He gave me humility of love.
Do not disturb me
I am playing with death.
I gave him the trinity of time;
He gave me everfresh eternity.
I am busy emptying myself for him;
He is busy renewing life into me.
Death is my old playmate;
And thus we play . . . together.

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MY BELOVED

I shall sing today.
As sings a skylark,
High above the earth,

I shall sing today.
As sings a cuckoo,
When the spring smiles.

I shall sing today.
A song of love,
For my heart is full.

Life my only beloved
holds me in embrace.
We are united today.

My beloved's every smile
pours freshness into me.
Life — my sweet beloved.

My beloved's every kiss
breathes Newness into me.
Life — my charming beloved.

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THE BEAUTY OF NOTHINGNESS

There happened a marvel,
In between two thoughts
The austere beauty of
Sheer nothingness Shone.

Its dynamic Silence
Suddenly emptied the
Whole Consciousness.

Only a flood
of passion prevails
And pervades profoundly
The remaining chaste 'IS-ness'.

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RENUNCIATION

I have watched with interest
how I grew into maturity.
From ignorantly blissful girlhood
how I grew into womanhood.

I have watched likewise
how I grew into sanity.
From ignorantly blissful complexity
how I grew into simplicity.

When the spring of understanding
whispered the tunes of sanity.
The lotus of love blossomed
transforming every marrow of my being.

The perfume of understanding
was called simplicity.
The fragrance of simplicity
was called renunciation.

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EMPTY AS SPACE

I am
Empty as space.
Who can grasp me?

I am
Vast as skies.
Who can bind me?

I am
Deep as oceans.
Who can fathom me?

I am
Strong as earth.
Who can fight me?

I am
Bright as Sun.
Who can hide me?

I am
Fearless as death.
Who can ignore me?

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I AM WITH YOU

I am that rocky mountain
smiling silently upon you.

I am those dark green trees
waving arms of love at you.

I am those soft meadows
inviting the lover in you.

I am the crystal clear river
pouring out my being to you.

I am the fresh mountain air
whispering the song of love to you.

I am the glorious full moon
embracing you with thousand arms.

I am the love unquenchable.
I am with you in thousand forms.

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THE RHYTHM OF LIFE

I live in life.
Ideas cannot hold me.

I move with life.
Ideals cannot contain me.

I breathe in life.
Knowledge cannot arrest me.

I am the rhythm of life.
Time cannot bind me.

I am the perfume of life.
Duality cannot catch me.

I am one with life.
Death cannot kill me.

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THE LIFE UNIVERSAL

I am neither man nor woman
I am the life breathing through both.

I am neither matter nor spirit
I am the life pulsating in both.

I am neither birth nor death
I am the life living through both.

I am neither truth nor falsehood.
I am the life behind them both.

I am neither light nor darkness
I am the life dancing through both.

I am neither time nor space
I am the life playing with them both.

I am here, there, everywhere,
I am the life universal.

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NO AGE CAN CLAIM ME

I am passionately interested in Life.
Nothing can divert my attention from living.

I am madly in love with Man.
No distinctions, discriminations, can hold me back.

I am consumed by the passion of Freedom.
No ethics, no religion, can check my spontaneity.

Earth is my home, vast skies my abode.
No state, no nation can ever own me.

I am the perfume of cosmic evolution.
No thought, no race, no age can claim me.

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EVERYTHING IS CHANGED

Everything is changed within me.
Everything is changed around me.

Gone is the burden of years.
Gone is the weight of knowledge.

No more any tension of I-ness.
No more any strain of self-ness.

Truth has invaded me suddenly.
Love has overpowered me suddenly.

Reality has recreated me silently.
Beauty has reshaped me inwardly.

Quietitude has captured me unawares.
Beatitude has captured me unawares.

Fresh as the morning dew — I am.
Free as the mountain air — I am.

Smile of the sleeping child — I am.
Scent of an anonymous flower — I am.

Vastness of the unlimited skies — I am.
Fullness of the unfathomable oceans — I am.

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LET ME CARRY IT

Oh! friend
Why do you tell me
that nobody listens to my words.
The brutal indifference of the people
is my holy cross.
Let me carry it patiently.

Oh! friend
Why do you tell me
that they laugh and jeer at me.
The contempt of the worldly wise
is my sacred cross.
Let me carry it quietly.

Oh! friend
Why do you tell me
that they doubt my integrity.
The scepticism of the learned scholars
is my precious cross.
Let me carry it silently.

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LIFE RAISED ME

I was sitting at the window of my mind —
musing silently about life.

I am petty, I am shallow, I sighed thoughtfully —
I shall never see the light of life.

I am jealous, I am envious, I sighed mournfully —
I shall never see the light of life.

I am vain, I am proud, I wailed sorrowfully —
I shall never see the light of life.

While I was thus musing deeply, a beam of light —
smilingly peeped through the window.

It pierced through me, it lighted up my being —
The light of life had come.

The light of life with its flame of love —
pushed back the darkness of ages.

Gone was the musing and gone meditating —
gone were the tears of sorrow.

The light of life had chosen me —
It came. It blessed. It raised me.

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THE PATHLESS WAY

While I walk on my way
I am quite alone today.
My way is pathless and new
None has walked on it before.
For it was born with me
For it has grown with me.

I walk alone on the way
The way is my only companion.
My silent companion encourages not
nor does he ever discourage me.
His affection and warmth of heart
is felt only by my bleeding feet.

I have not yet arrived
for my way seems endless.
It runs winding ahead of me
but, lo and behold, behind me,
there are no traces of footmarks
and none whatsoever of the way.

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THE FLAME OF FREEDOM

I searched for Freedom —
in temples and churches,
God was there a prisoner —
in man-made cages.

I searched for Freedom —
in theology and philosophy,
Thought was there frozen,
in man-made phrases.

I searched for Freedom —
in revolution of every manner,
Mass was there worshipped,
Man was there murdered.

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Thus my search failed —
but I had succeeded,
I had learnt through the wanderings
every effort was in vain.

I had learnt through the failures
every search was in vain.
I turned at last inwards —
to rest and relax.

And lo, the Flame of Freedom
was there ablaze;
Burning bright on —
the torch of Love.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE

I have drunk deep
at the fountain of Life —
I am no more thirsty.

I have tasted enough
the nectar of Life —
I am no more hungry.

Time has whispered softly
the song of the timeless —
I am no more weary.

Life has unfolded gently
the mystery of death —
I am no more scary.

Love has kindled up
every corner of the earth —
I am no more lonely.

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WHO IS AFRAID

He needs a code of conduct
Who is afraid of his own self.

He needs a religion to save him
Who is afraid of Life vibrating.

He needs a God to protect him
Who is afraid of death overpowering.

He needs a Society to love him
Who is afraid of Solitude enveloping.

He needs a Virtue to purify him
Who is afraid of Passion's consuming.

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ENOUGH OF IT

Come with me,
Do not follow me.
You have followed many for centuries.
I say — enough of this childishness.

Listen to me,
Do not repeat my words.
You have repeated words for centuries.
I say — enough of this repetition.

Understand me,
Do not adore me.
You have adored many for centuries.
I say — enough of this infantile adoration.

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Love me,
Do not worship me.
You have worshipped holy persons for centuries.
I say — enough of this immature authorization.

Embrace me,
Do not bend and kneel.
You have bent down and knelt for centuries.
I say — enough of this self-humiliation.

Befriend me,
Do not condemn me as an authority.
You have condemned enlightened ones for centuries.
I say — enough of this callous condemnation.

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AN UNSOILED LIGHT

A light unsoiled by darkness
is melting the whole IS-ness,
An awakening untouched by sleep
is vibrating the entire Consciousness.

A communion unpolluted by duality
is throbbing through the eternal present,
A love uncontaminated by I-ness
is energizing the total being.

A life undetected by birth and death
is smiling through deep eloquent Silence.

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BEYOND THE KNOWN

In the realm of known
Life is meaningless.
Everything is defined.
Everything classified

In the kingdom of known
Life is worthless.
Everything is gathered.
Everything is stored.

Beyond the realm of known
Life is full of romance.
Everything is to be discovered.
Everything to be lived newly.

Beyond the kingdom of known
Life is full of meaning.
Every breath reveals mysteries.
Every moment unfolds secrets.

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SELF-DISCOVERY

Liberation is a matter of self-discovery
Let us find out what happens —
When Eye sees not forms without.
Let us watch silently what happens —
When Ear hears not sounds without.
Let us note what takes place
When Nose smells not scent without.
Let us observe what takes place
When Mind thinks not nor imagines.
Let us discover what then remains
When I is resolved into is-ness.
Let us abandon unto the Silence
And watch alertly what happens then.
Then perhaps it will dawn upon us
Reality is enveloped not in mystery
It is in the process of Self-discovery.

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QUESTION YOURSELF

Have you ever stopped to question
Where from gets mind names and forms?
What is a Name, what Form is?
Where do Forms and Names exist?
At the moment of perceptual communion
Is there a form you perceive?
Does mind stealthily evoke a name
Out of the store-house of memory?
And correlate it to act of perception?
Are names imposed upon the mind?
Is it the content of our education?
What has this identification done to us?
Has it crippled our perceptual capacity?
What happens when mind extricates itself
From the memory of forms and names?
Does the mind still function then?
What happens to time and space
In which mind is used to function?
Can time sustain when memory is gone?
What happens then to the I-ness?
Is it the mirage of time-space illusion?

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THE SHADOW OF SILENCE

Speech is the shadow of Silence
Shadow has no substance of its own
Speech has no significance of its own.

Those who try to measure
A Substance by its shadow
Reach nowhere.

Those who try to measure
Silence by speech
Arrive nowhere.

Measure not by words
The depth of Silence.

Evaluate not by words
The content of Silence.

Judge not by words
The quality of Silence.
Speech is the shadow of Silence.

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THE POISON OF THOUGHT

Beware of Verbalization,
Verbalization is a sting of the intellect
Intellect nourishes itself on Memory.

In the Soil of memory
Intellect throws the seed of word.
Concepts sprout and theories pop out
Like mushrooms in tropical rains.

They chain the mind to
The Kingdom of the known.
They pollute the mind
With thought's poison.

So, beware friends, beware,
Beware of Verbalization.

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THE TRAP OF IDEATION

Ideation of the unknown
is a terribly intricate trap
into which has fallen through centuries
Man, the seeker of Truth.
Faced with the suffocating fact
of his being caught in time
Man turned invariably to ideation
of the unknown; of God everlasting.
Thus he created vicious duality,
and himself became a victim
of conflicts growing out of duality.

Beware of this terrible trap
Friend, beware of this self-deception.
Any move in any direction —
away from the fact of life
is the root of untold delusions.

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Be bold and be with the fact
that all action is born of the known..
And move not away from the fact
that mind is rooted in the known.
Turn not away from the fact
that mind is incapable of living otherwise.

And then —
You will see the miracle of miracles,
that mind is instantaneously silent.
Intelligence alert and awake,
is intensely vibrating with energy
and the mind is wound up of its own,
in its own majestic nothingness.
Understanding of the known
and freedom from the unknown
are but the names of the same.

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ENERGY SMILES

From behind the blinds of duality
Life looks at me;
From behind the layers of matter
Energy smiles at me;
From behind the veil of destruction
Death beacons to me;
Solitude is flooded with Peace.
Silence is enriched with Bliss.
Aloneness is ablaze with Joy.
The purity of innocence is soaked in austerity.
Oh! The beauty of It!
I is transmuted into It.
I is alight! I is afire!

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THE GREATEST ART

The discovery of the greatest art has occurred.
Meditation is the greatest art of life.
Meditation is a state of the entire being.
It is a state of limitless consciousness.
It is a dimension that is Love.
To live in Love is Meditation.
To live in meditation is to move in silence.
To move in silence is to be awake.
An awakening without the need to sleep.
An awakening which inhales death — and exhales life.

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THE ANCIENT TREE

Time is the ancient tree
with its roots deep in space.
Time is the ancient tree
with its branches in the future.
Time is the ancient tree
with its cool shade of memory.

Mind is a monkey ever restless,
jumping and hovering through time.
It jumps from thought to thought,
it clings languidly to memory.
The mind loves to play with time,
the mind loves to dance in space.

Unless we cut the roots of time,
the mind will never be quiet.
Unless the mind is still and quiet,
thinking shall never come to an end.

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BLESSED IS HE

Blessed is he,
who lives.
And fears not.

Blessed is he,
who loves.
And clings not.

Blessed is he,
who understands.
And knows not.

Blessed is he,
who experiences.
And retains not.

Blessed is he,
who is simple.
And complicates not.

Blessed is he,
who is free.
And binds not.

Blessed is he,
who dies.
And escapes not.

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RARE MOMENTS

Our hearts are our battlegrounds.
Where wars are waged eternally.
Where conflicting desires bark incessantly.
Where contradictory ambitions dance violently.
Where gratification of one frustrates another.
Where victory for one defeats another.

Rare are the precious moments.
When we live in graceful ease.
When there is no tension in the heart.
When there is no conflict in the mind.
When action breathes in sacred freedom.
When action is its own fulfilment.

Those are the moments of love
In which there is complete union.
In which action and actor mingle into unity.
In which lover and beloved transcend duality.
In which all directions cease to be.
In which all purposes cease to be.

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THE GAZE OF LOVE

Will you dare meet love —
if it happens to come your way?
Will you dare meet its austere face
If it per chance turn to you?

The austere face of love
shines with transparent humility.
Only the purity of innocence
can stand the gaze of love.

The all consuming gaze of love
melts all desire.
Only the passion of life
can stand the gaze of love.

The all destructive gaze of love
annihilates you completely.
Only the courage of truth
can stand the gaze of love.

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HE DIES EVERY DAY

My brother is dead.
He was tall and slim.
He was strong and lean.
Charming was his smile.
Handsome was his face.
Refined was his bearing.
Gentle his manners.

Didst thou ask me — how?
I canst tell thee —
If thou hast patience to listen.
He died in a war —
In a ghastly ugly war.
His plane was shot down.
It was shot by the enemies.

Didst thou ask me — which war?
I canst tell thee —
If thou hast courage to listen.
He died in a war —
Which we had waged.
We wage wars within us —
Yes, thou and I wage wars.

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We nourish ambitions.
We cherish jealousies.
We stimulate hatreds;
We cultivate enemities;
One day they explode —
We call it a war.
He died in such a war.

Didst thou ask me
who the enemy was?
I canst tell thee —
If thou hast desire to listen.
Thou wast the enemy.
I was the enemy.
We are the enemy of our brothers.

We murder our brothers.
Dost thou listen to me?
We murder every day.
Dost thou understand me?
Our ego creates divisions.
It creates thine and mine.
Dost thou see, with me?

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Our ego creates ambition.
Our ego breeds vanity.
Our ego loves to possess.
We feed it on 'Gods'.
Our ego craves to dominate.
We feed it on 'Nations'.
Dost thou see, with me?

We sharpen the swords.
We sharpen the spears.
We carry the guns.
We ride the tanks.
In the name of God.
In the name of Nation.
In the name of 'ism'.

And we slay our brothers.
Dost thou see it now?
Thou hast killed my brother.
I have killed my brother.
My brother is dead.
We kill him every day.
Yes, my brother dies every day.

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WHY SUFFER AT ALL?

Why must we suffer in life?
Why must we wail and moan?

Let every thing pass by quietly.
Do not try to hold it on.
Do not cling to things and ideas.
Do not build a tomb of knowledge around you.

Let not attachment pollute your love.
Let not experience contaminate your mind.
Suffering is the shadow of ambition.
Suffering grows in the womb of Ego.

He is happy who arrests not time.
He is free who binds not life.
He lives who meets every challenge.
He loves who lives every moment.

Why must we suffer in life?
Suffering vanishes in the movement of life.
Why must we wail and moan?
Happiness vibrates in the movement of life.

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I KNOCK AT EVERY HEART

They tell me in self-assured way
Liberation is the goal of human life.
They describe in self-confident notes
Various qualities of ultimate liberation.
Once you attain liberation, they say,
You are permanently in blissful happiness,
You are beyond pain and beyond pleasure,
Beyond sorrow, you are beyond joy,
No action is needed, nor any respite,
You become bliss, eternal, immortal.

I listen to them with humble patience.
Their words do make my heart sad.
Untold tears fill my eyes incessantly
For their words are empty as ashes.
Their words are echoes of thousand centuries.
They are vehicles of age old ideas.
Their words stink of callous isolation.
They smell stagnation of brain, of mind.
My heart weeps; it melts in compassion.
I knock at every heart, I tell them.

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Freedom is not utopia; it is a fact of life.
Freedom is not goal; it is a fact of life.
Permanent there is nothing, not even freedom.
Life is ever-new, ever-fresh, ever-changing.
Happiness is not beyond pain and pleasure.
It is pain; it is pleasure, it is joy and sorrow.
No bliss, no happiness, can isolate free mind.
It vibrates; it dances; it plays with life.
Freedom is alertness; it is dynamic awareness.
You are free; liberated; if you see it.

They look at me with wonder in their eyes.
They smile at me with surprise in their eyes.
We have read in the scriptures; they tell me.
We have been told by prophets, holy masters,
We believe it is true; we live according to them.
We'll control; we'll discipline; we'll master our mind.
Freedom is our goal; we'll get there one day.
Thus they close their hearts; their ears, their eyes.
My heart weeps; it melts in deep compassion.
I knock at every heart; I walk my way alone.

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LIFE AS IT IS

Fear.
What is it?
Identification with the known.

Memory.
What is it?
Rumination of half-lived experiences.

Dreams.
What are they?
Projections of self-centred thinking.

Emotions and sentiments.
What are they?
Conditioned reflexes of an imprisoned mind.

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Ideas and ideals.
What are they?
Respectable escapes from life and reality.

Enlightenment.
What is it?
Dynamic awareness of all pervading life.

Freedom.
What is it?
Alert discrimination of truth and falsehood.

Love.
What is it?
Spontaneous abandonment in relationships.

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IN THE NET OF TIME

On a lovely bright morning
when space was lively.
Ego ,with the net of time
went out fishing slowly.
The net of time was spread
with the bait of past and future.
A lazy fish of careless thought
jumped foolishly into it.

Restless thought turned
hither and thither.
But out it could not get.
Slowly it died while ego smiled
in the beautiful net of time.
With the death of thought
time was dissolved.
And space did suddenly vanish.
Into that void ego was lost
and lost was the little mind.

The timeless breathed then
into spaceless nothingness.
The nameless played in immensity.
The timeless sang
the eternal song.
No words could measure its beauty.

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PASSION

Passion is the plant,
that grows without roots,
Passion is the flame,
that burns without smoke.

Passion is the sun,
without shine and shadow,
Passion is the day,
without night and morrow.

Passion is the love
beyond lover and his loving,
Passion is the ecstacy,
beyond mind and its thinking.

Passion is passion,
no words can paint it,
Passion is passion,
no symbol can shape it.

Passion is life —
And life is passion;
If we but see the beauty
that death doth bring us.

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THE NAKED EMPTINESS

Across the yonder valley
clear blue sky was yawning.
Down the velvety grass
gentle breeze was playing.
Dark green trees in rich fulness
were deep in meditation.
Tired pale sun beyond the mountain-top
was withdrawing with hesitation.

My mind with a mischievous twinkle,
winked at me.
Brushing a graceful bow, it started
a game with me.
It first put aside grand robes
of knowledge.
It then threw aside lovely necklace
of emotions

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It tore away violently all likes
and dislikes.
It trampled over race, religion
and cast.
It shook asunder quickly
proud memory of past.
The mind had denuded itself
completely.

It was trembling like a leaf
I knew not what to do.
The mind dropped away singularly.
And there stood majestically,
In her pure nakedness
The queen of terrible beauty
The queen of impossible beauty
Total emptiness alive.

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BEYOND ALL FRONTIERS

Will you come with me
across all the frontiers
to a brave new world
which knows not frontiers?

Will you break with me
heavy doors of our prisons
which are built in the name of security,
which are guarded by the myth of society?

Will you shatter with me
ancient walls of morality
which want to shape our minds,
which crave to cripple our lives?

Will you burn with me
all scriptures and authority
which stifle human reason,
which throttle holy passion?

Will you jump with me
into dark deep unknown
where time flutters not,
nor space envelop us?

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Will you open with me
invisible gates of free world
where mind limits not,
nor memory binds us?

Will you come with me
to the land of eternity
which lies beyond all frontiers,
which lies beyond life and death?

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SILENCE IS SHY

Silence is very shy.
She hides herself far away —
in the depth of human heart.
Thought cannot reach her.
Emotion cannot touch her.
Silence is very shy.
She eludes devilish time.
She evades cunning memory.
She is beyond human search.
She is beyond imagination.
Silence is very shy.
She will never open up —
if you demand it of her.
She will never blossom out —
if you command it of her.
Yes — Silence is very shy.
She smiles on those who love her;
She speaks to those who wait on her.
Silence is very shy.
She is eloquent —
when mind speaks not.
She is yours —
when you are not.
Yes — Silence is very shy.

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THE CALL OF LOVE

Awaken! Arise!
Oh! ye indolent ones —
Awaken! Awaken!
From the deep slumber of ignorance.
Yonder hails the Beloved
And yonder rings so clear
The long awaited call of Love.
Come, says he, Oh! come
My darling ones —
Come and rest your tired souls
In the gentle arms of Love.
Come, says he, Oh! come
My lost ones —
Come gently
Across the valley of words —
Jump swiftly
Across the stream of thoughts —
Let me show you — please — let me,
The land of eternal Love.
Come, says he, Oh! come —
My silly ones —
Don't play with knowledge —
Nor play with the mischievous mind.
Let me take you — please let me,

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To the land of timeless Love.
Come, says he, Oh! come —
My impudent ones —
Don't indulge in the smoke of religion —
Nor indulge in the illusion of spirit —
Let me take you — please — let me,
To the land of mindless Love.
Thus speaks Love time and again
To the alert and listening souls.
Once it whispered softly unto me —
And I did think of you.
Awaken, say I —
Before the call fades away —
Arise, say I —
Before the Beloved Turns away.

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DEATH

Death is the kiss of life.
Death not of the body —
but of the mind.
The mind that creates its own bondage.
The mind that invents its own freedom.
That mind quietly vanishes away —
when there is silence within and without you.
That mind peacefully drops away
when there is love within and without you.
That mind gracefully melts away
when passion burns bright within and without you
In the cold embrace of that death
is the warm kiss of life.
In the soft ashes of that death
is the sweet perfume of life.

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THE GIFT

I have come to sing,
The song of life.
I know not, how to teach.

I have come to love,
the diversity of life.
I know not, how to preach.

I have come to live,
A sane, healthy life.
I know not, how to lead.

I have come to enjoy,
The perfume of life.
I have no message for you.

My heart is a lotus.
These words are petals.
This is my gift unto you.

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